

THE
MOURNER.
A
Funeral P O E M

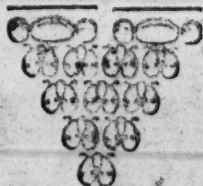
OCCASIONED

H. Brindane

By the Death of the Reverend, Pious and Learned Mr. James Brindane, late Minister of the Gospel at Stirling; who died June 9. 1725.

In magnis voluisse sat est.

Lam. 1. 12. *Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by? Behold and see, if there be any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me, in the Day of his fierce Anger.*



Edinburgh, Printed by ROBERT BROWN. 1725.



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MOURNER, &c.

AH! News tormenting! is my Father
Dead?
Superior Pow'rs emit some present
Aid;

Else endless Sorrow on my Mind will dwell,
For this perplexing, last and long, Farewel.
When e're I heard the News among the Swains,
The Sadest that of long have reach'd thir Plains,
Like Thunder in my Ears the Sound did break,
Accents more killing far than I can Speak:
O'recharg'd with Grief and Looks cast on the
Ground,

I sunk my Brows with triple Sorrow crown'd:
For ah! the Potent Ills that fill'd my Breast,
Were quite too great, and black to be express'd
So great's my Loss, and so intense my Wo,
I cannot bear such a Tempestuous blow.

On that I could with mournful Eyes lament
 This fatal Blow, on Church and Nation sent !
 When by th' untimely Birth of *Ichabod*,
 We've lost our Glory, and incens'd our God ;
 Who wings away, as if he shortly meant,
 To hurle his Vengeance thro' the Continent.
 Nature unite and join the Poets Train,
 To weep with me, and Aid my doleful Strain :
 Come all who e'er such rap'trous Bliss enjoy'd,
 And quickly have like me your Sweets destroy'd.
 Come all dear Friends, who strictest Friend-
 ship knew,
 And feel the Pangs of Separation now :
 Unite your Sorrows and dire Grief with mine,
 Let mourning Tears and Sympathy combine,
 Your inmost Anguish and distressing Woes
 Reveal, and all your Streams in my deep Occ-
 an lose.

But why a distant Aid should I Implore ?
 To Paint the Torments which my Soul spread o're
 What Eloquence ? What Art ? What Sympathy ?
 Can Speak, but half, the Troubles hang on me ?
 Nature alone must faintly tell my Mind,
 How, while I live, I'll wail my parted Friend.

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ment But Grief hath press'd me so, I cannot tell,
 nt ! How blest he liv'd, and how lamented fell !
 ed ; Who will afford me Floods of Tears? Ye Springs
 nt. O're flow my Head : Grief needs all liquid Things
 rain : That Nature hath produc'd : Let every Vein
 y'd, Exhale an Ocean to express my Pain,
 oy'd. And Feed my weeping Eyes, too dry for me,
 end- Unless they get new Conduits, new Supplie,
 To bear them out and with my State agree. }
 Within my Mind tumultuous Troubles Rowl ;
 Unheard of Woes afflict my fainting Soul.
 I need not Blush thus to reveal my Wo,
 Sighs will have Vent, and Eyes too full o'reflow.
 ine, But while I grieve and weep my sad Complaint,
 ne, I wish I could Characterize this Saint!
 Yet it is too Presumptuous to Declare
 Ocs- His Virtues, which a perfect Round appear,
 Where Judgment lies in Admiration lost,
 Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

? This Faithful Man of God, this Christian,
 do're Shin'd with a Blaze, that few surviving can.
 athy? All that was good, in him at once combin'd;
 me? Bright Parts and Grace surpassing Nature join'd.
 nd. With
 But

With Sympathy, with Love, with Truth & Peace
 His Soul was fill'd, and Conduct shin'd with Grace
 His gen'rous Heart was Sprightly, and Refin'd,
 Sublime, yet clear, and without Flatt'ry kind,
 And as it had not lodg'd with Flesh and Blood
 It persever'd unspotted, and withstood
 The base Corruptions of this duller Earth :
 As conscious of a more exalted Birth,
 In him did each Perfection brightly shine,
 And all his Life appeared half Divine.
 But when the Sun too Powerful Beams display
 He does not long Delight us with his Rays.

Could we but Pry and View him as a Man
 Or, which is more, observe the Christian ;
 Or yet a Minister of Christ our King,
 The bare Reflection would make Tears to Spring
 From driest Eyes, and teach hard Hearts to
 Grieve
 Him now deceas'd, with all, who knew him
 when Alive.

He was a Man, to whom Propitious Heav'n
 Had of her Best and Richest Bounty giv'n,

And as his Doctrine constantly did Cross
 A solid Mind, and lively Understanding,
 Bright Wit the Passions of his Soul commanding;
 A Man distinguish'd by his real Worth,
 To Earth a Blessing brought by Nature forth,
 But far beyond what Nature could him Place,
 We may him View a Child of Sovereign Grace;
 Who to his highest Lord his Duty knew,
 By Proof which from enlightned Reason flew:
 And what surpass'd dim Reason's fainter Ken
 He search'd in Volumes of inspired Men.
 He spent each Day, as if the setting Light
 Would close his Eyes in Death's perpetual Night;
 On Faith's spread Wings from mouldring Walls
 of Clay,
 Could Spring and Soar to blestful Worlds of
 Day;
 Survey the Land afar off covered o're
 With Oceans of Rich Joy, which want a Shore,
 Became a Beauty to the Church his Mother,
 Cloath'd with the Garments of his elder Brother,
 When he did in that holy Station move.
 And brought to Earth the Charge of Heav'n
 above,

Ah!

And with what holy Fervour Preach and Pray
 What Heavenly Skill? What Evangelick Stray
 Did Grace his Gifts? and recompense his Pain
 Sweet Eloquence, and clear Perswasion, hung
 On every Word, proceeding from his Tongue
 He was a *David* for his Flagrant Zeal:
 An *Abraham*, whose Faith did seldom fail:
 A *Chrysostome* for Eloquence of Mouth;
 An *Atanasius* in Defence of Truth:
 A powerful Preacher with an Angel's Tongue
 A Cedar, on which blooming Branches hung;
 Who Taught poor Mortals only to Embrace
 That blest'd Salvation, which proceeds from
 Grace:

And that the Doctrine of free Grace was such
 That Men could not obey the Law too much
 Providing on it they did lay no Stress,
 To make it whole or part of saving Righteousness
 His Heavenly Words both Light and Life
 convey'd,

Angelick Food fell when he Preach'd and Pray'd
 When ever he did on Christ's Errand go,
 Sweet Gospel Marrow never fail'd to flow.

And Sin
 Prop't u
 ner

And as his Doctrine constantly did Cross,
Baxterian Jargon, and *Arminian Dross*,
 As well as *Antinomians* gross and Sless,
 And modern *Arrans* gross Impiety.
 Of God's own Kingdom this Scribe's ready
 Mouth,
 Ne're shut in the Defence of Gospel Truth.

No Man could in a stronger Way Propale,
 What Clouds of Darkness on Mens Minds do
 Fall,
 How Unbelief that Stratagem of Hell,
 Each Ground of Faith endeavours to Cancell,
 And how the Devil Mortals does decoy
 Into the hellish Measures that Destroy,
 How this alluring World does bewitch,
 And catches in it's Snares both Poor and Rich:
 And how Corruption sets the Heart on Fire,
 And with the former does our Hurt conspire,
 With Zeal for God, and fervent Love to Men,
 Hells deepest Policies he did explain,
 And Sinners call'd to Walk the Paths of Peace,
 To flee to Christ, yeild to victorious Grace.
 How gave he Meat becoming Saints and
 Sinners?

Prop't up old Age, and cherish'd young Begin-
 ners?

Strengthen'd the weak, upheld the feeble
Knees!

And to the burden'd Soul proclaimed Ease!
And chas'd self righteous Ones from Refuges
of Lies!

With special Skill he answer'd doubtful Cases,
And Sin ingag'd in all it's lurking Places;
Was in his Element when he did Teach,
Full-Freight with Heaven did both Pray and
Preach.

When e're he spoke the blindest Mole might see
Perswasion in his Words, and Majestie.

He lost no Words when he the Compass view'd
Of whatsoever Subject he pursu'd.

His well digested Sermons all admir'd,
And in his Audience Soul Delight inspir'd.

He was a burning and a shining Light,

Blaz'd as the Sun in Mid-day Vigour bright.

His Heavenly Words both Light and Life
convey'd,

Impression always followed what he said.

Sweetly he'd shew the Glories of that Throne;

While Faith but view'd the *Glorious Three in One*.

But now his Faith is swallowed up in Sight,

No Darkness can Obfuscate Heavenly Light.

I think I hear him, as I've heard him oft,

In Praise of *Glorious Jesus* Soar aloft, To

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To naked Sinners offering *Righteousness*,
 Applying Gospel Cures to each Distress:
 To such as under *Sinai's* Flames did loure,
 He shew'd in Christ they only were secure.
 A Zealous Friend to Piety and Truth,
 Old Age's Glory and the Stay of Youth.

To Sons of Men destroyed by the Fall,
 To Flee to Christ he gave the solemn Call,
 And spread the Gospel Net to catch them all;
 And not to Build their Life on Duties Prop,
 But on him only who is *Israel's Hope*.

In every Part his Brightness did appear,
 He 'twixt Extream's a steady Course did Steer;
 Was a true Friend and an Impartial Judge,
 Where Justice did with milder Mercy lodge:
 A Constant Wrestler for God's sacred Truth,
 He was, and would not quit an Hair or Hoof.
 A Prudent Zeal Him guided against Error,
 And Faithfulness made him the Sinners Terror:
 Which he without Distinction did Reprove,
 In Christ-like Meekness, and so gain'd their Love.
 He was a Compound of true Self-denial,
 And Patient under every bitter Trial.

A Skilful Counsellor in doubtful Cases,
 A Hearty Sympathizer in Distresses.
 The Widows Friend, the Fatherless Relief,
 A Comforter to these or'e come with Grief.
 In every State he knew to be Content,
 And Providence ador'd, what e're it sent.

To him to Live was Christ, to Die was Gain,
 His tossed Bark Rode safe on the tempest'ous
 Main,

While Winds fierce Blew, and Storms aloud
 did Roar,

They but conspired to waft him to the Shore,
 Mature in Grace and fully ripe for Glore.

Bur Ah! I can't speak out his Virtues Bright,
 Nor set his Graces in becoming Light,
 To tell them would ten Thousand Tongues
 Require,

And all the Muses on *Parnassus* Tire.

Cease then Adventurer and hold thy Pen,
 Stop and Lament one of the best of Men:
 Give Way to Tears and all the Fountains
 Drain.

ALL who him knew, give place to Grief and
 Moan,

A stately Cedar from our Church has gone!

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Distend each Turgid Nerve, and lend an Ear
 Unto my Song, vouchsafe to shed a Tear
 Upon his Grave, that we with one Accord
 May lay to Heart such Threatnings of the
 LORD.

OH cooling *Zephyrs*, murmuring thro' the Sky,
 Oh gentle Rains, on *Eolus* Wings that fly,
 Refresh the Earth no more, each in your Turn,
 But pour out Tears, on his lamented Urn!
 Ye roaring Thunders, which ly Fast asleep,
 And scally Nations who ride thro' the Deep,
 Rouse and awaken from your quiet Cave,
 And pour out Floods of Tears upon his Grave!

THOU glorious Sun, the Heav'ns bright Eye,
 take Place
 To Grieve, and in dark Clouds wrap up your
 Face!

Ah! mournful Queen of Night black Garments
 wear,

And of our dreadful Mourning take a Share!
 Ye sparkling Stars, yea all and every Thing,
 Lament his Death, and *Elegiacks* sing!

Oh! hissing Rills, and echoing Mountains all,
 Change Nature's Course, and weep this dole-
 ful Fall!

O

O deepest Scholars whom *Minerva* fill'd,
 All bright Philosophers in Nature skill'd,
 Leave off your Soaring ; Grovel on the Ground,
 And make both Hills and Vales your Groans
 Resound !

O Sons of Prophets, who've a Father lost,
 Of whom you lately might so justly Boast,
 Lament, your *Father, Israel's Horsemen's gone* !
 With hideous Shrieks this fatal Stroke bemoan.

OH ! *Levi's* Tribe, who suffer such a Loss,
 Oh, weeping Saints who bear this mournful
 Cross,

In brinny Globes down let your mourning flow,
 Till by the Streams the Sluices wider grow !

OH ancient Fathers, who the Glory saw,
 Of the first Temple, haste forth Tears to draw:
 The new Foundations with no Lustre shines,
 Beside the Fabrick of your ancient Times.

GRIEVE, Grieve, O *Stirling*, now your Father's
 gone :

Ah me ! and left you, Orphan like, to Moan !
 With his dear weeping *Colleague* who lament,
 This Stroke on him, on you, and Kingdom
 sent, But

But vain alas are our Complaints, he's gone;
 And left us in this desert World to Groan!
 Now, now, alas! the Silver Cord flags by,
 We see the Golden Bowl all shrivel'd ly.
 Now Life's full Fountain does o'reflow no more,
 But all the Pipes are Chock'd with stagnant
 Gore.

The purple Streams no more do circle round
 In liquid Walks, in livid Fetters bound,
 For by the Cistern's Mouth the broken
 Wheel is found!

OH Death thou cruel unrelenting Thing,
 Cou'd thou no Victim to thine Altars bring,
 But this? Might not old Age tir'd out with
 Life,

Have been an Off'ring to thy fatal Knife?
 Cou'd thou be pleas'd with no smaller Prize
 Than stain thy Shrines with such a Sacrifice?

BUT wherefore is all this? he's gone to Rest,
 And on *Immanuel's* Glory now doth Feast:
 He joins with Angels in their Melodie,
 And dwells in Glory we but darkly see.
 Full Freight with Bliss he now Triumphant sings
 Sweet Hallelujahs to the King of Kings,

And

And endless Glory to the faithful Lamb,
 By whom he from all Tribulations came,
 In Jesus Bosom he does safely Rest,
 Where no more Fear nor Sorrows shall Molest.

AH! my dear Father, best of Friends alive,
 How can I, ah! this dreadful Loss survive?
 Alas why rises more the Glorious Sun!
 His Race why does he now with Lustre run?
 Go smile on others, bless some distant Clime,
 Where thou'lt not find a Sorrow like to mine;
 Where Grief is wrapt in so condens'd a Shade,
 As thy most powerful Beams can not invade!
 For ah! depriv'd my Rev'rend Sire of thee!
 This World is all a Hermitage to me!
 My melting Eye-strings break, my Blood grows
 chill,
 My Head goes round, my Hand forsakes my
 Quill:
 My Senses fail, my final Hour draws nigh,
 I Weep, I Mourn, I Grieve, I Faint, I Die.



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